

THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM SMITH, 113, FLEET STREET.

No. IX.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1839.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

HARMONY OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY.

A VESSEL at sea, pursuing its way across the ocean, is, to its passengers and crew, a great and important *fact*. At a distance a speck appears on the horizon; the practised eye of the sailor recognises it as another *fact*, but the passengers are, some doubtful, and some indifferent. Gradually the speck increases in volume; masts, sails, and hull, are visible; it is another vessel, and it is bearing right down upon them. "There is danger of a collision, is there not?" eagerly asks a passenger, and the man at the wheel drily replies that there is. The danger becomes more evident and imminent, and the most indifferent become interested. But, at a distance near enough to be perfectly safe, the two vessels cross each other's paths, and the most timid passenger now perceives that the object of his alarm is not an enemy nor a rival, but a friend, bound to the same port with himself, though sailing on a different tack.

New truths in science, when they first appear on the mental horizon, have thus often an ominous aspect to recognised and established opinions. Like the comet, that in 1835 crossed the orbit of the earth within a short period of the earth's arriving at the same point, there seems to be great danger of a contact fatal to the one or the other, or perhaps to both. Experienced minds smile at what they call the foolishness or absurdity of the apprehension of danger; strong minds, or fool-hardy ones, often needlessly provoke the general feeling by their contemptuous or reckless expression of what seems at least paradoxical; and timid but honest minds, in their anxiety to make peace between apparently opposing systems, frequently frame hypotheses which are torn to pieces when stretched upon facts. Meantime the truths themselves are making their own way, and at last, like two lines forming an acute angle, they meet in a point.

The harmony of Scripture and Geology is still in a progressive state. The Bible stands upon its own evidence, like a light-house upon a rock, which no storms can overthrow. Geology has also a firm basis; its elementary truths are as incontestibly established as any great fact in natural science. Wherever, therefore, there appears any discrepancy between the Bible and Geology, we may rest assured that the discrepancy is not with the truths themselves, but in our interpretations of them. The case of Galileo is often quoted as an example, a memorable example, of the intolerance of ignorance. There can be no doubt that many minds most honestly dreaded the new truths in astronomy, and cordially acquiesced in the judgment of the inquisitors, who pronounced, "To affirm that the sun is in the centre, absolutely immovable, and without locomotion, is an absurd proposition, false in sound philosophy, and moreover heretical, because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture. To say that the earth is not placed in the middle of the world, nor immovable, is also a proposition absurd and false in sound philosophy; and, considered theologically, is at least erroneous with respect to faith." We can now afford to smile at this—but would we have done so in the days of Galileo?

The first great fact in geology (the word geology is derived from two Greek words, signifying a discourse or description of

the structure of the earth) is now received as a truth by all men of all parties. This truth is, that the earth was in existence, ages, perhaps myriads of ages, before the creation of man. Turning to the first chapter of Genesis, we find there nothing to contradict this. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." It is a simple announcement of a great fact. "It does not," says Dr. Pye Smith, "tell us *when* the beginning was; it assures us that at a point in duration past which we cannot ascertain, that point in infinite duration which to the wisdom of the great God seemed best, he was pleased to unfold the majesty of his attributes, and to give existence to a dependent world." "In that remote period," says Professor Silliman, (an American, whose name as a Christian and a man of science is known and honoured in Britain,)—"of which he who recorded the fact probably knew not the date—*In the beginning* God created the heavens and the earth, and established the physical laws, the ordinances of heaven, by which the material world was to be governed."

Admitting, then, that the first verse of Genesis simply affirms God to be the Creator, without reference to the *time* of creation, how do we get at the fact of the existence of the earth long prior to the existence of man? The following is one of Professor Silliman's illustrations, in answer to this question. "When, in 1738, the workmen, in excavating a well, struck upon the theatre of Herculaneum, which had reposed, for seventeen centuries, beneath the lava of Vesuvius,—when, subsequently, (1750,) Pompeii was disencumbered of its volcanic ashes and cinders, and thus two cities were brought to light: had history been quite silent respecting their existence, as it was respecting their destruction*, would not all observers say, (and have not all actually said)—here are the works of man, his temples, his forums, his amphitheatres, his tombs, his shops of traffic and of arts, his houses, furniture, pictures, and personal ornaments, his streets with their pavements, and wheel-marks worn in the solid stone, his coins, his grinding mills, his very wine and food, his dungeons, with skeletons of the prisoners chained in their awful solitudes, and here and there a victim, who, although at liberty, was overtaken by the fiery storm?"

"Because the soil had formed, and grass and trees had grown, and successive generations of men had unconsciously walked, toiled, or built their houses, over the entombed cities; and because they were covered with lava or cinders,—does any one hesitate to admit, that they were once real cities, that they stood upon what was then the upper surface, that their streets once rang with the noise of business, and their halls and theatres with the voice of pleasure; and that in an evil hour they were overwhelmed by the eruptions of Vesuvius, and their name and place blotted out from the earth and forgotten?"

"All this is legibly read by every observer, and all agree in the conclusions to be drawn. When, moreover, the traveller of the present day sees the cracks in the walls of the houses of Pompeii, and observes that some of them have been thrown out of the perpendicular, and have been painted and plastered, and

* In the histories of those times, it is only said, in general terms, that cities and villages were overwhelmed.

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Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

shored up with props, he learns that the fatal convulsion was not the first, and that the doomed towns must have been before shaken on their foundations, by the throes of the labouring earth.

"To establish all this, it is of no decisive importance that scholars have gleaned, here and there, a fragment from ancient Roman classics, to show that such cities once existed; and that they were probably overthrown by the eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era, which gave occasion for the interesting letter of the younger Pliny, describing the death of his uncle, while observing the volcanic storm which proved fatal to him. In such cases, the coincidences of historical and other writings, and the gleanings of tradition, are indeed valuable, and gratifying, and are of great utility in fixing not only the order but the time of the events: but the nature of the catastrophe which buried the devoted cities, is perfectly intelligible from the appearances themselves, and needs no historical confirmation."

Apply this illustration to the question of the existence of the earth before the creation of man. The materials of the crust of the earth, and the manner in which these materials are disposed, indicate events which could not have happened since man was created. The external surface of our planet is "full of crystals and crystallised rocks; it is replete with the entombed remains of animals and vegetables, from entire trees to lichens, fungi, and ferns—from coal-beds to mere impressions of plants; it is stored with animals, from the minutest shell-fish to gigantic reptiles; it is chequered with fragments, from fine sand to enormous blocks of stone; it exhibits, in the materials of its solid strata, every degree of attrition, from the slightest abrasion of a sharp edge or angle to the perfect rounding which produces globes and spheroidal forms of exquisite finish; it abounds with dislocations and fractures; with injections and fillings up of fissures with foreign rocky matter; with elevations and depressions of strata, in every position, from horizontal to vertical; it is covered with the wreck and ruins of its upper surface; and finally, its ancient fires, sometimes for variable periods dormant and relenting, have never been extinguished, but still struggle for an exit through its two hundred volcanic mouths. The present crust is only the result of the conflicting energies of physical forces, governed by fixed laws; its changes began from the dawn of its creation, and will not cease unless its materials and its physical laws should be annihilated."

Geologists, having thus carefully based their opinion on facts, lay it down as an incontestible truth, that the structure of the crust of our planet affords decisive evidence of a long series of events, during which stupendous changes occurred. "It is obvious," says Professor Silliman, "that ages must have passed, while the various geological events which are recorded in the structure of the earth were happening, and particularly while the innumerable organic forms, after their creation, were in the course of reproduction, life, death, deposition, consolidation, and preservation. We will not inquire whether Almighty power inserted animals and plants in mineral masses, and was thus exerted in working a long series of useless miracles, without design or end, and therefore incredible. The man who can believe, for example, that the Iguanodon, with his gigantic form, seventy feet in length, ten in height, and fifteen in girth, was created in the midst of consolidated sandstone, and placed down one thousand or twelve hundred feet from the surface of the earth, in a rock composed of ruins and fragments, and containing vegetables, shells, fish, and rolled pebbles; such a man can believe anything, with or without evidence. If there are any such persons, we must leave them to their own reflections, since they cannot be influenced

by reason and sound argument; with them we can sustain no discussion, for there is no common ground on which we can meet."

Leaving for the present the nature of the changes which have taken place, and their order, as conjectured by geologists, let us assume that, previous to the creation of man, the crust of the earth had undergone a violent revolution or derangement, and then see if the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis can be reconciled with such an assumption. The first verse is understood, as has been already mentioned, to signify a fact, without reference to time or period—"In the beginning"—at some time or period—"God created the heavens and the earth." The second verse,—"And the earth was without form and void"—"takes up," says Dr. Pye Smith, "this globe which we inhabit in the condition into which it had been reduced from (it appears probable) a watery envelopment, putting an end to the last of the strata, lying immediately below the crust of the earth on which we dwell. It may be objected, that the conjunction 'and' connects the following sentence with the preceding—'and the earth was without form and void.' But I reply that this conjunction is used in the Hebrew language with a very remarkable comprehension of meaning; even in tracing its application through but two or three chapters at the beginning of the book of Genesis, I have found it rendered by such expressions as 'but, moreover, now,'—and with the highest propriety. In point of fact, it introduces a new sentiment, which has connection with what went before, according to the nature and relation of circumstances. There is nothing at all, therefore, to prevent our supposition of the lapse of immeasurable time between that 'beginning,' and the moment in which the sacred historian takes up this globe, and presents it to us in the condition described by the words—'without form and void.' These words together occur only in two other passages of the Bible; and there they signify ruin and desolation. The former of the two occurs in many other passages, and is used to signify a vast desert, or a ruined city, and other subjects in which desolation and destruction are the leading ideas. So that we have here presented to us very plainly this globe in the condition of ruin and desolation from an anterior state; and then in the following portions of the chapter we see the earth made fit for the new purpose to which God was pleased to appropriate it, by a series of operations, partly the result of the attraction of gravitation and the chemical affinities, and partly the result of an immediate exertion of the divine power."

We have quoted the opinion of this eminent biblical scholar, in order to show that the description of the creation of the universe and of the formation of the earth, as given in the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis, does not jar with modern geological discovery. We shall in a future Number consider the six days of creation, as connected with geological views.

THE SOUL.

MAN are not what they seem to the outward eye—mere machines, moving about in customary occupations; productive labourers of food and wearing apparel; slaves, from morn to night, at task-work set them by the wealth of nations. They are the children of God. The soul never sleeps. All the souls now in this world are for ever awake; and this life, though in moral sadness it has often been rightly called so, is no dream. In a dream we have no will of our own, no power over ourselves; ourselves are not felt to be ourselves; our familiar friends seem strangers from some far off country; the dead are alive, yet we wonder not; the laws of the physical world are suspended, or changed, or confused by our fantasy; intellect, imagination, the moral sense, affection, passion, are not possessed by us in the same way we possess them out of that mystery. Were life a dream, or like a dream, it would never lead to heaven.

LETTER-WRITING.

OUT of all question one of the greatest blessings enjoyed in modern life, is the expedition, secrecy, and safety, with which we are enabled to communicate our thoughts and our business to distant friends; and if one were called upon to give a unique decisive proof of the superiority of social life as it at present exists over that of the ancients, it would be quite conclusive to point to the post-office. What an exquisite chain of connexion between distant friends does the post-office afford! What a sweetener is it of the bitterness of absence! What intense anxieties it takes from the mind of the parent—relieving the lover of a thousand fears; easing the man of business of innumerable difficulties! It is indeed one of the greatest blessings conferred upon mankind by a high state of social refinement. The boasted public institutions of Sparta *must* have been incomplete without a "general post-office."

The average annual number of letters transmitted through the London general post-office has been estimated at 48,945,624, by Lord Litchfield, in his evidence before the select committee on postage.

"Suppose," says the author of 'Travels in Town,' "some four or five thousand letters were taken out of the Post-office at random, and their contents placed before the public eye. What variety in the subjects! What variety in the spirit and temper! What variety in the style of writing! Oh, what an insight into mankind would be got from such revelations! More might be learned in one day of human nature as it really exists, from such an exhibition of it, than could be learned in a year from one's ordinary intercourse with society. In writing to private friends, people are more open and explicit than in ordinary conversation. Reserve is in a great measure laid aside: what the heart thinketh the pen inditeth."

In fact the only just and unerring materials for the biographies of great men are their private letters. In these the nicer shades of their character are truly portrayed—their changes of thought, habit, and opinion, broadly marked. The veil of constraint and "outward shows" is torn aside, and the inmost feelings of the heart are rendered "open as day."

The progressive stages of existence may be well illustrated by the various styles of letters written during the different ages of man. In the first age, however, the only letters made use of are those of the alphabet; but the "whining schoolboy, with shining morning face," does not want for early opportunities of displaying whatever epistolary talent he may possess. The announcement of a forthcoming vacation—with the down-strokes carefully patched up by the master—supplies the first hint towards an epistolary catalogue of wants, with which few young students fail to trouble their friends at least once a fortnight. If successful in obtaining their wishes from head-quarters, their first "friendly epistles" are usually addressed to some juvenile relation or playfellow, who is earnestly requested to "ask cousin to ask sister to ask mother," for whatever is required. The best specimen of the sort we know of, may be found among the "Pugsley papers," in Hood's Comic Annual for 1832.

The next degree in the scale of life—that attained when

"———The lover
Sighs like a furnace with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow"—

is decidedly the most *literary* state of existence. Not only are more letters written during this turbulent period than at any other; but too frequently it bears out the seldom-erring Shakespeare, and perhaps distracts a hitherto well-regulated matter-of-fact mind with the fantasies of poetry. The lover generally writes and (if he be fortunate) receives more letters in a week, than either the schoolboy or the man of business does in a month. He makes the most trifling circumstance the subject of an important discussion that fills a whole sheet of paper, in which, the words "hope—despair—torture—bliss—madness—delight," and divers other super-superlatives are inscribed in the largest letters. Though we had selected one or two examples of this sort of epistle, we cannot find it in our hearts to print them. To publish a love-letter is like betraying a profound and delicate secret; one, too, which though delightful to the parties immediately concerned, seldom has any better effect upon the truly disinterested than that of causing a smile. The most we can do is to refer our readers to the "Complete Letter Writer," where they will find sentiments for every stage of the passion,

expressed with the nicest regard to English grammar, and the most scrupulous attention to the proprieties of composition.

Next, according to the bard, comes the soldier, "jealous of honour, sudden, quick in quarrel." His letters are brief as the flash of a priming—he has not time for words; blows occupy him too constantly. He can describe a great battle in three lines,* and has seldom time in active service, to write even those. The following is almost the longest soldier's letter we can find. Giving as it does some account of the disasters and privations to be encountered in the scenes of war, it is well calculated to have the effect of damping that kind of ardour which seeks "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." Guillot was a captain in the 25th half brigade of the French cavalry while in Egypt. The taking of Alexandria and Cairo are despatched with a true soldier's brevity.

Head Quarters, Cairo, July 27, 1798.

Dear Mother,

I take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you with the arrival of the French army, in which I have the honour to serve, at Alexandria in Egypt. I suffered a vast deal during the two months that our voyage lasted. For the whole time I was sea-sick without intermission, and brought up blood all day long. When we set foot upon land, however, under the walls of Alexandria, I was cured of my sea-sickness, but my sufferings were by no means at an end.

We lost 300 men in scaling the ramparts of the city. After a halt of four days, we set out in pursuit of the Arabs, who had retreated and encamped in the desert; but the first night of our march was a very terrible one for me. I was with the advanced guard: we came suddenly upon a corps of the enemy's cavalry; and my horse, which you know was always a very hot one, was the unfortunate cause of all my trouble. He sprang forward like a lion, upon the horses and horsemen of the enemy; but unluckily in rearing he fell quite backwards, and to avoid being crushed to death, I was obliged to fling myself on one side of him. As it was night, I had not time to seize him again: he got up, and set off like lightning after the enemy's cavalry, which was quitting the field.

I had put on all my old clothes for the sake of preserving my new ones, which were packed up in my portmanteau; so that I lost my horse completely bridled and saddled, my pistols, my cloak, my portmanteau, everything that was in it, my clothes, twenty-four louis-d'or which I received at Marseilles to fit me out; and, what is still worse, my portfolio which contained all my papers. Thus I found myself in an instant stripped of every thing, and obliged to march barefoot for nineteen days on the burning sand and gravel of the desert; for the very day after this unhappy affair, I lost the soles of the old boots which I happened to have on my legs: my coat and my old breeches were very soon torn to a thousand tatters:—not having a bit of bread to eat, nor a drop of water to moisten my mouth, all the comfort I had was in cursing the trade of war more than a hundred times a day.

At last, on the twenty-second of this month, we arrived at the gates of Cairo, where all the enemy's army was intrenched, and waiting for us with great boldness; but with our usual impetuosity we marched to attack them in their intrenchments; in about three quarters of an hour, they had three thousand killed outright; the rest not being able to save themselves, plunged into the Nile, which is a river as large as the Rhone, consequently they were all drowned or shot under water. After such a victory, we entered, drums beating, into the city of Cairo, and consequently became masters of all Egypt.

I do not know, my dear mother, when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I repent more and more of ever coming here; but it is now too late. In a word, I resign myself to the Supreme will. In spite of the seas which separate us, your memory will always be graven on my heart; and the moment circumstances permit, I will break through all obstacles to return to my country.

Adieu, take care of yourself, a thousand things to my relations.

Your son, GUILLOT†.

* The Duke of Wellington's account of the battle of Waterloo occupied no more.—See his Despatches, edited by Col. Gurwood.

† Copies of original letters from the army of General Buonaparte in Egypt, intercepted by the Fleet under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson. London, 8vo. 1798.

Women, it has been often remarked, are better writers of friendly gossiping letters than men. After the romance of girlhood has subsided, and their powers of observation have become sharpened by worldly experience, they communicate their ideas with more graceful ease, and with a greater degree of fluency. The following epistle from one of the female wits of the court of Louis XIV. is an admirable specimen of lively, flowing humour. It is addressed by the celebrated Madame de Sévigné to her son-in-law, from whose "Correspondence" we have translated it.

"A M. DE COULANGES.

"Paris, Monday, 15 December, 1670.

"I am going to communicate to you the most astonishing thing in the world; an affair the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most confounding, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most inconceivable, the most unforeseen, the most important, the most insignificant, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private; till this day, the most brilliant, the most to be envied; in short, a thing of which past ages furnished no example, at least no precise example, a thing which we don't know how to believe in Paris; how then will you manage to believe it in Lyons? a thing which has set everybody exclaiming, 'Bless me!' A thing which has covered Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive with joy, a thing, indeed, which is to take place on Sunday, when those who will see it shall think their eyes are playing tricks of deception, a thing which is to be done on Sunday, though it may not happen till Monday. I do not expect you to solve the mystery all at once. Guess! I'll give it you in three. Are you silent? Then I suppose I must tell it you. Listen! M. de Lauzun marries on Sunday in the Louvre. Answer: Whom? I will give it you in four, I will give it you in six, I will give it you in a hundred. 'Oh!' exclaims Madame de Coulanges, 'this is a hard matter to guess; it is Madame de la Vallière.' Quite wrong, madame. 'Mademoiselle de Retz?' Wrong again; your notions are horribly countrified. 'Truly, we are very stupid,' you answer; 'it must be Madame Colbert.' Once more. 'Then it certainly must be Mademoiselle de Créqui.' No. I suppose I must tell you at last; he marries on Sunday at the Louvre, with the king's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de * * Mademoiselle—Oh do guess her name! He espouses Mademoiselle! The great Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Monsieur, grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth, Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle cousin-german to the King, Mademoiselle destined for the throne, Mademoiselle the only lady in France worthy of Monsieur. Here's a pretty subject for gossip! If you talk about it till you talk away your senses, if you tell us plainly we lie, that our news is false, that we want to hoax you, to play a joke upon you, if, in short, you call us names, we will not be affronted. We have done unto others as you would do unto us. Adieu! By your other letters from here, you will see if we speak truth or not."

When men have become "full of wise saws, and modern instances," their epistolary correspondence exhibits a great variety both of matter and style. The man of business pares down all the redundancies of youthful verbosity, to "Yours of the — ultimo duly received," &c. or "Herewith you will receive," &c. The lawyer will not afford any more words for his six-and-eight-pence, than are honestly necessary to make his communication intelligible; while, on the contrary, the statesman seems to overburden his sentences with verbiage on purpose that his true meaning may be unintelligible. The art of conducting a genuine diplomatic correspondence has been set forth as being most perfect when certain words are arranged in a certain way, so as to leave the actual intent and purpose of the writer quite uncertain. This has no doubt arisen from persons holding high situations of trust and responsibility, being fearful of what is called "committing themselves." The following note from Lord Bute to Mr. Garrick, though on a most trivial subject, is an amusing instance of the kind.

THE EARL OF BUTE TO MR. GARRICK.

"Wednesday, July 17, 1763.

"Lord Bute's compliments attend Mr. Garrick! He receives with great pleasure the present sent him, and he assures him that it is much more agreeable, by being the produce of his own

pen; and yet he is too jealous of his country's honour, not to wish in silence, that it had been the first composition, as well as the writing of Mr. Garrick, whose talents are not only equal, but much superior to such a work; Lord Bute desires Mr. Garrick would excuse his freedom as to the purport of his letter; he is persuaded his silence can never be taken ill; were it possible, he would take care to prevent it*."

If any one of our readers should come to be prime minister, we hope he will never have sufficient ingenuity to put together so many words rendered so cleverly innocent of all meaning. The interpretation of this extra-official complimentary note is supposed to be as follows: the "present" to Lord Bute is thought to have been a farce, founded on the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," hence, though written by Garrick, was not original, though the minister thought the actor had enough of talent to have invented as good a plot, and regrets that he had not worked upon his own material. There could hardly be cited a more blundering instance of the utter confusion of relative pronouns with their antecedents, than this note presents.

Our last specimen is the pleasant and shrewd letter of a man of the world. The picture it gives of Parisian society, as it existed before the great Revolution, is interesting, because doubtless true. It supplies conclusive evidence of the height of extravagance and prodigality to which the *old régime* had attained, and which procured its downfall.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE TO LADY SUFFOLK.

"Paris, Decr. 5, 1765; but does not set out till the 11th.

"Since Paris has begun to fill in spite of Fontainebleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night. There is a young Comtesse d'Égmont, daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that if I thought it would break anybody's heart in England, I would be in love with her.

"Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place, you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as the other half, looking into it, and each window must consist only of eight panes of looking-glass. You must have a first and second ante-chamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet hung with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds; I cannot afford them a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense armories of tortoise-shell and or-molu, inlaid with medals. And then you may go into the petit-cabinet, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard-room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glasses, from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables, and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, &c. &c. But for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchess de Grammont must give you *this*, and Madame de Marsan *that*; and if you have anybody that has any taste to advise you, your eating-room must be hung with huge hunting pieces in frames of all-coloured golds, and at the top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who, having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace it must cost you eight-and-twenty thousand livres a-year in wood and candles. If you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Clive returns with the rest of the Indies,†" &c.

The last scene of all,

"That ends this strange, eventful history."

is the letter with the black seal. Few words are required in that; the sable wax is the mute, but all-sufficient communicant. Death is stamped legibly upon it; and tears flow too fast to break the charm at once, and learn the worst. The black-sealed epistle is always a melancholy object; it is the alloy which balances the delight so universally imparted by the letter from the distant friend, or the loved relation.

* "Private Correspondence of David Garrick," &c. &c. Vol. 1. p. 307.

† Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her second husband, the Hon. George Berkeley, &c. &c. Vol. ii. p. 311.

MARRIAGE BIDDINGS IN WALES.

A custom is in general use in South Wales, which is called a "Bidding," and adopted for the purpose of furnishing the outfit of a young couple, when entering the holy state of matrimony.

In the principality of Wales, where kindred is acknowledged to the remotest degree of relationship, and the claims of cousinship extend over a large connexion, considerable sums are often collected on occasion of these biddings; particularly when the parties are the children of respectable farmers: and sometimes cases occur when hundreds of pounds are subscribed at the call or bidding of some popular or influential person, such as a steward or titheman, whose good-will it is the policy of a tenantry to cultivate.

An announcement of the intention is made in the following form, being a literal copy of a bidding letter, addressed to a country friend. The parties named therein are the children of small farmers in the county of Carmarthen.

"Nov. 30th, 1838.

"As we intend to enter the MATRIMONIAL STATE, on Tuesday, the 25th day of December next, being Christmas-day, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion the same day, the Young Man at his own Dwelling-house, called TREBEDDOD, and the Young Woman at her Father's House, called PARC-Y-MYNYDD, both in the Parish of Llanelly; at either of which places the favour of your good Company is most humbly solicited; and whatever Donation you may be pleased to confer on us then will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion.

"WALTER WALTERS,
"HANNAH DAVIES.

"* The Young Man desires that all Gifts of the above nature due to him be returned on the above day, and will be thankful for all additional Favours granted.

"Also, the Young Woman's Father and Mother (John and Hannah Davies), her Sister (Margaret), together with her Grandmother (Catherine Davies), desire that all Gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful for all additional Favours conferred on her."

On this occasion the friends were invited to two places, but sometimes they all assemble at the house of one of the parties, where they are regaled with wheaten and oaten cakes, and cheese, and *cervé da* (good ale), brewed for the occasion.

The refreshments are laid out on a long table, at the head of which sits a person, having a pewter dish before him to receive the gifts; and as each offering is made he registers the name of the person who presents or sends it; for these moneys are reclaimed on like occasions, either by the parties themselves, or to whomsoever they assign them in the invitation letter.

It is considered highly discreditable to neglect attending these biddings, either in person or by deputy, for the purpose of repaying any offering that may be claimed; and so well is the custom established, that the sums have actually been recovered in courts of law, the judges deciding on the plea of immemorial prescription.

The amount of the gift—which, although so called, is, strictly speaking, a loan—varies from a crown to a sovereign; the sum received altogether depends upon the connexions of the parties, and their rank in life. It is seldom less than twenty or thirty pounds, and oftentimes exceeds one hundred—quite a fortune for a young couple entering life.

It is true that, with the exception of what is sent by the neighbouring gentry, the money collected must be afterwards repaid, but the calls for this purpose occur at long intervals; in the mean time the debt bears no interest, and with common industry, a young couple, becoming by this means possessed of all the necessaries, and even comforts, that their situation requires, can make their way in the world, and rear their children creditably.

In the districts where this custom prevails, the country

people have benefit clubs, and other means for averting the misfortunes brought on by illness or want of work; and they are as religious, frugal, sober, honest, and well-behaved a community as any in existence.

That this mode of advancing a loan bearing no interest to new-married couples, payable by small and uncertain intervals, answers extremely well in the almost primitive society where it is practised, is certain. It is an ancient custom, amongst an ancient people. In the district in which it is practised, there is little movement among the families; almost all are connected with each other by ties of blood, there held in much higher regard than in England, where little or nothing of the feelings which bind clans and tribes together are known, because those relations do not exist.

Wherever the population is fixed, as is found in many agricultural districts, a general subscription of this sort, founded as it is upon some of the best feelings of our nature, might perhaps be introduced with advantage; but it would be a very doubtful experiment.

The fact of such a system being in operation from time out of mind, to the present day, is curious and instructive. It appears to have been a very ancient Celtic custom; the *penny-weddings* of Scotland bear some resemblance to it, but there, as far as we have ever heard, *repayment*, the peculiar feature of these *Biddings*, is not expected. It would be interesting to ascertain whether this custom obtains in Brittany, where the inhabitants we know still retain many very ancient British customs.

A RUSSIAN BATH.

I MOUNTED a drosky and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath; but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind, compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator stood me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam, like a thick fog, into every part of this room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop, dipped in soap and hot water: then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water, from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was as hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which had almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony, I cried out to my tormentor to let me get up; but he did not understand me, or was loth to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot, that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian, in mid-winter, rushes from his hot bath, and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man.—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

MISSIONS TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

POLYNESIA presents to the view of the philosopher, the philanthropist, and the Christian, some of the most extraordinary moral phenomena. Numerous tribes of the most ignorant of our species, have been raised to something like their true rank as rational beings, to the possession of letters and the elements of science, to the enjoyment of social delights, and to the elevation of moral and devout worshippers of the true God. The contemplation of such a spectacle cannot fail to excite the most lively satisfaction and delightful feelings in the breast of every Christian.

The islands in the Pacific, in which Christian Missions have been established, comprise the chief clusters of Eastern Polynesia, and comprehend New Zealand, the Friendly, Feejees, the Navigators' and Harvey Islands, Tahiti, or as it was formerly written, Otaheite, the Society, and Austral or Southern Islands, and the almost innumerable clusters of low islands forming the labyrinth or dangerous archipelago, the Marquesas, and the Sandwich Islands. Of all these, Hawaii, the chief of the Sandwich group, is probably the largest, being nearly 300 miles in circumference, rising to an elevation equal to the highest land in Europe, and presenting a surface which has been computed to contain *four thousand* square miles. The climate is remarkably pleasant, most equally removed from the severity of a northern winter, and the oppressive heat of the East and West Indies. However numerous the islands of the Southern Ocean, and especially valuable their convenient harbours for various commercial purposes, little was known of them until the latter part of the last century: most of them were then first discovered by British navigators.

Captain Wallis, of his Majesty's ship *Dolphin*, pursuing his way across the comparatively untraversed waters of the Pacific, discovered, June 19, 1767, the lofty island of Tahiti, and anchored on the 23rd, in the Bay of Matavai: this he called "Port Royal," and designated the island itself, "King George the Third's Island," in honour of his royal master.

Captain Cook being sent, in 1768, to convey certain astronomers, to observe, at Tahiti, the transit of the planet Venus, cast anchor in the bay of Matavai, April, 13, 1769. This distinguished navigator visited the Pacific on two subsequent occasions: once in search of a favourite object of geographical speculation at that period—a Southern Continent; and afterwards in hopes of discovering a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. During these voyages, Captain Cook visited and explored the eastern coast of New Holland; he re-discovered New Zealand, first seen by Tasman, a Dutch navigator, December 13, 1642, and discovered the most northerly of the Marquesas, the Society, Friendly and Sandwich Islands. This great commander, however, fell a victim to the mistaken apprehensions of the natives; being killed February 14, 1779, in a quarrel at Hawaii, then called Owhyhee.

Captain Cook's published journals produced a deep impression on the public mind, as to the importance of his discoveries; and excited the liveliest interest among reflecting and religious persons, throughout England: a mission was therefore seriously contemplated by several eminent Christians, to ameliorate the condition of the numerous tribes of savages in the South Sea Islands. Among those most zealous for the enterprise, was Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. That excellent lady died June 17, 1791, charging her worthy chaplain and friend, Dr. Haweis, with whom she had previously conferred on the practicability of such an undertaking, to endeavour to accomplish her wishes in relation to Otaheite.

Christian missions to the heathen had already been a subject of solemn consideration with many ministers of the gospel of different denominations, to which their minds had been especially awakened by Dr. Doddridge. Hence originated the Baptist Missionary Society, projected in 1792, by that learned and successful missionary labourer, Dr. Carey; and hence, after various correspondence, and published addresses in 1794, by the *Evangelical Magazine*, then first established, the formation, in 1795, of the "MISSIONARY SOCIETY," since, for the sake of distinction, called the "*London Missionary Society*." Subsequently, the "*Church Missionary Society*" was established, and afterwards the organization of the "*Wesleyan Missionary Society*."

Dr. Haweis was faithful to the charge received from his noble patroness, and became one of the founders and directors of the Missionary Society, by which, at its first general meeting, held in

London, during five days, September 21—25, 1795, it was resolved, "That a mission be undertaken to Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, Sandwich, and the Pelew Islands, as far as may be practicable and expedient." This resolution was passed with unanimity, and with tears of joy, by an unusually large assembly, and carried out at a series of meetings of the most extraordinary character that had ever been held in the British empire for the propagation of the gospel of Christ among the heathen. Large contributions were made on the occasion: Captain Wilson, an eminently qualified gentleman, nobly offered his gratuitous services to convey the missionaries to Otaheite. The ship "*Duff*" was purchased for £5000; and all needful preparations having been made, thirty missionaries, (six of them, being married, were accompanied by their wives,) embarked at London, August 10, 1796, and arrived at Tahiti, March 4, 1797.

Christian missionary labours and successes among the heathen of the South Sea Islands cannot be rightly appreciated, without some general knowledge of their previous condition. These, therefore, it will be necessary to describe, especially as regards the Tahitians, whose character corresponded in most particulars with those of the other islanders.

They were entirely destitute of letters: they possessed a system, or rather fragments of an absurd mythology. They had "gods many, and lords many,"—warriors, chiefs, and heroes, whom they had deified. Besides, they regarded with religious veneration certain animals, birds, insects, and fishes, as having been entered and possessed by their gods. Their idols, to represent their divinities, were made of stone and of wood; the latter rudely carved to resemble the human face, and braided with the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, and adorned with the beautiful feathers of the parrot. Their worship was of a character with their gods; all was repulsiveness and deformity in vice, recklessness in oppression, or diabolical in wanton and diversified cruelties. Benevolence, forbearance, or forgiveness, were never associated with the ideas of their gods, who were considered as beings invested with power only to wreak their vengeance on the hapless objects of their wrath, often implacable and destructive. Human victims were sacrificed when they commenced one of their sacred temples, during its progress, and when it was completed; and also on other occasions, accompanied with rites the most revolting and horrible. Captain Cook was present at one of these sacrifices, when he counted *forty-nine* human skulls, all of which appeared recently taken from the victims!

Morals among this people were as low as it was possible for the existence of their miserable society. Domestic love could hardly be said to exist: the father and mother with their children, never, as one social, happy band, surrounded the domestic hearth, or partook together, as a family, of the bounties of Divine Providence. Their sacred institutes of Oro and Tane inexorably required that the wife *should not eat* those kinds of food on which her husband fed, nor eat in the same place with him, nor yet prepare them at the same fire: this degrading restriction applied to all females, and from their birth to their death; nor was it ever relaxed in sickness or pain, for wife, sister, or daughter. Various flesh, fowls, and fish, were held sacred as food for the men; but inferior provisions for women were kept in separate baskets, and eaten in lonely solitude by them, in mean huts, resembling dog-kennels, when compared with the habitations of the men. Woman was, therefore, a wretched slave, doomed to neglect, insult, oppression, and cruelty.

Infanticide prevailed to a most fearful extent among these islanders: the bloody practice attracted the notice of Captain Cook. The first *three* infants were frequently killed: in the largest families, more than *two* or *three* children were seldom spared, while the numbers killed were astonishing. Many parents, according to their own confessions, and the united testimony of their neighbours, had barbarously consigned to an untimely grave, *four*, or *six*, or *eight*, or *ten* children, and sometimes even a greater number!

Messrs. Bennett and Tyerman, the deputation from the London Missionary Society, when at Tahiti, in 1821, inquired concerning this dreadful practice. They state, "We conversed with Mr. Nott, who has resided here from the commencement of the mission, on the subject of *infanticide*, and learned with horror, that it had been practised to an extent incredible, except on such testimony and evidence as he and the brethren on other stations have had the means of accumulating. He assured us, that *three*—

fourths of the children were wont to be murdered as soon as they were born, by one or other of their unnatural parents, or by some person employed for that purpose—wretches being found who might be called *infant-assassins* by trade. He mentioned having met a woman, soon after the abolition of the diabolical practice, to whom he said, 'How many children have you?' 'This one in my arms,' was her answer. 'And how many did you kill?' She replied, 'Eight!' Another woman, to whom the same questions were put, confessed that she had destroyed SEVENTEEN! Nor were these solitary cases. Sin was so effectually doing its work in these dark places of the earth, that, full as they were of the habitations of cruelty and wickedness, war, profligacy, and murder, were literally exterminating a people unworthy to live. But the gospel stepped in, and the plague was stayed."

The Rev. J. Williams was conversing with some friends on this subject, in his own house in the island of Raiatea, in 1829: three native females were sitting in the room at the time, the oldest not more than forty years of age. Having inquired whether any of them had been guilty of the crime, it was found that not one was guiltless; and it was reluctantly confessed, that these three females had destroyed not fewer than *twenty-one* infants! One had destroyed *five*, another *seven*, and the other *nine*! These were not considered extraordinary cases; as the dreadful practice was common: but we refrain from detailing the inhuman, fiendish modes of this species of murder.

New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, the Feejées, and others, were equally defiled with the abominable customs of their corrupt inhabitants; human sacrifices, infanticide, and even cannibalism, prevailing to an extent far surpassing all description: but these enormities, gross, inveterate, and universal, as they were, have been encountered, corrected, and, in a most encouraging degree, exterminated by the arduous and successful labours of our missionaries.

The missionaries who were sent out by the London Missionary Society, in the year 1796, were received with apparent cordiality at Tahiti, and were assured of security by the native chiefs, when they commenced their labours, giving instruction to the people, both old and young, as they could be induced to receive it. Eighteen years, however, they laboured under most discouraging circumstances, while the wretched islanders were almost incessantly at war among themselves, and their murderous practices were still more diminishing their numbers. Discouraged and dejected, the missionaries still continued at their post, preaching, praying, and teaching the younger part of the people to read; and when almost ready to relinquish their enterprise in despair as to success in this worthy course, in 1815 a most wonderful change took place, the whole population of Tahiti resorting to the missionaries with solicitude for instruction. Multitudes embraced Christianity; and amongst them many of the priests of Tahiti and Eimeo soon numbered 4000 Christian converts, who delivered up their idols, many of which were used as fuel, and others were sent as evidences of the triumphs of the gospel, to gratify their benefactors in England. King Pomare sent all his "family gods" as a present to the Missionary Society, to testify his gratitude, and to evince his sincerity. Parts of the Word of God, catechisms, and school-books, were soon printed in the native language, schools were established, public worship was attended by crowds, and the Sabbath was observed with strictness unexampled, even in Great Britain.

Christianity having thus obtained entrance into the minds of the Tahitians, zeal inflamed the minds of these new converts; a Tahitian Missionary Society was formed, and native teachers arose as missionaries to the surrounding islands. Places of worship were soon erected, and public meetings were held at Tahiti, in the immense "Royal Mission Chapel," consisting of thousands of persons, and considerable subscriptions were made and remitted to the parent institution. War ceased throughout these islands: infanticide was abolished, together with various other practices, scarcely less atrocious and abominable: propriety in behaviour and manners resulted, and all the decencies and courtesies of life, in dress, habitations, and intercourse, arose.

Circumstances seemed to require that a deputation from England should proceed to inspect the numerous stations of the Missionary Society in different parts of the world, and two gentlemen, George Bennett, Esq., and the Rev. D. Tyerman, were designated to that important service. They left England, May 18, and reached Tahiti, September 26, 1821. Their visit was most

welcome to the missionaries and their converts. They sent a report to the directors, in which they state—

"We are in health and comfort up to the present moment, and have been more delighted with the victorious and blessed results of preaching and living the gospel of Christ, than we are able to express: at every station where we have already been, namely, at Matavai, at Papeete, at Bounania in Tahiti, and at Papetoai in this island. Truly THE HALF WAS BUT TOLD US! God has indeed done great things here in a civil, moral, and religious view. The people here exhibit as literal and pleasing a proof of being turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God, as can be conceived!"

New Zealand became a station of the Church Missionary Society in 1815, through the representations of the Rev. Mr. Marsden, chaplain in New South Wales; but Shunghoe, a chief, who had visited England in 1820, made war upon his rivals, on his return in 1821, slew a thousand of his enemies, a great number of whom the victors ate on the field of battle, besides many prisoners slaughtered and eaten in cold blood, as a feast for their children! Mr. Marsden, however, wrote in 1822, "I greatly lament the evils which have taken place, but they do not make me despair. I have no doubt that the New Zealanders will, in due time, become a civilised nation. God will deliver them from the dominion of the prince of this world, and they shall see His salvation!" Zealous and efficient missionaries from the Wesleyan Society had, the year preceding, entered into the field of labour at New Zealand. Tongataboo, also, the principal of the Friendly Islands, became a prosperous station of the Wesleyans in 1820.

We cannot follow minutely the progress of Christianity and civilisation among the South Sea islanders, in this brief paper; but it may be remarked, that the islands of Huahine and Borabora received the gospel from Tahiti, in 1816, when the inhabitants of the latter, though exceedingly ferocious, renounced idolatry with the rest of their neighbours in the same group of islands. The mission in Raiatea commenced in 1818; and the converts sent the same benefit to Rurutu, early in 1821, by two native teachers, with the Tahitian Gospel of Matthew. The Sandwich Islands received Christianity from American missionaries in 1829, and great success has attended their labours. King Riho-riho, who appeared their warm friend, and Tamoree, king of Atoli, a still more decided professor of Christianity, gave the most devoted attention to the missionaries, whose labours produced a dictionary of the language, and a translation of the Holy Scriptures, with other benefits.

Education, civilisation, and Christianity, have continued to make progress among these islanders, in a manner that has astonished the most intelligent classes in Europe and America. But a few testimonies from unquestionable authorities will most correctly represent the present condition and character of these but lately heathen, and in some cases, cannibal tribes. In the report of the London Missionary Society for 1835, the directors give this retrospect of the South Sea Missions:—

"Forty years ago, when this Society was founded, the islands of the South Seas had been discovered, visited, explored, and abandoned, as presenting no objects worthy of further regard. Their inhabitants were sunk still lower in wretchedness, by intercourse with foreigners, and left a prey to the merciless idolatry that was fast sweeping them from the face of the earth. To them the attention of our venerable fathers in this cause was first directed, and a mission was auspiciously commenced. But a series of disasters followed; some of the missionaries lost their lives in the field; in 1809, all, with two exceptions, were expelled, and success seemed hopeless. In 1811 the missionaries returned; the Lord smiled upon their efforts, and idolatry was subverted, infant-murder and human sacrifices ceased, education was promoted, converts flocked around the missionaries, churches were gathered, missionary societies formed, and teachers sent forth. Now the people, fast rising in the scale of nations, have, as fruits of the Divine blessing on missionary perseverance, a written language, a free press, a representative government, courts of justice, written laws, useful arts, and improved resources. An infant navy is rising on their shores, commercial enterprise is promoting industry and wealth, and a measure of domestic comfort, unknown to their ancestors, now pervades their dwellings. Besides these and other blessings of the present life, multitudes have entered the regions of eternal felicity; and others are walking in the fellowship and holiness of the gospel, as heirs of immortality. A nation has been born at once,

surrounding nations are blessed through their mercy, and, according to the latest intelligence, the prospects of usefulness, especially among the Navigators' Islands, were never so encouraging as at the present time. Since the year 1817, the printing-press has been in operation, and, among a people heretofore destitute of a written language, 105,400 copies of portions of the Scripture and Christian books have been put into circulation."

Civilisation is the natural fruit of Christianity. Henry, a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand, in answer to the question by the Aborigines' committee, "From the experience you have had in missionary exertions, would you begin by attempting to civilise, or by attempting to christianise?" says, "Certainly by attempting to christianise; fifteen years we attempted to civilise without effect, and the very moment that Christianity established itself in only one instance in the island, from that moment civilisation commenced, and has been going on, hand in hand with Christianity, but never preceded it. We found them decidedly a savage people, addicted to cannibalism, to murder, and to every thing which was evil, and accustomed to evils from Europeans."

The Rev. John Williams stated before the same committee, "In the island of Rarotonga, which I discovered, I found them all heathens; I placed native missionaries among them, and by the native missionaries alone they were all converted to the profession of Christianity, so that on my second visit to that very place I found not an idolater remaining. This has been the case in eight different islands to which I have taken native missionaries. The inhabitants of eight islands were entirely converted to Christianity by the agency of native missionaries. The original station was only one island, that of Tahiti; and the knowledge of Christianity was conveyed to the islands where the American missionaries are, first, by means of native converts from the island of Tahiti, and so with respect to the islands where the Wesleyan missionaries are. Christianity was first conveyed to them by native missionaries from other islands. I think, without including the Friendly Islands or the American missionary stations, we must have forty or fifty islands under our own instruction at the present time, by native agency, superintended by ourselves, except in our own immediate stations. The Tahitian and Society islands are christianised; the Austral Islands group, about 350 miles from Tahiti; the Harvey Islands, about 700 miles west of Tahiti; the Vavou Islands, and the Hapai and the Sandwich Islands, where the American missionaries are labouring, and are 3000 miles north of Tahiti, and the inhabitants also of the eastern Archipelago, about 500 or 600 east of Tahiti, have received the gospel."

Thus, then, amidst these clusters of islands, containing a population known to exceed a million, and perhaps of several millions, a change (as we have seen) of unequalled importance, because affecting so large a mass of mankind, has been begun in our own time, and has been almost imperceptibly going forward. They have become factors to furnish our vessels with provisions, and merchants to deal with us in the agricultural growth of their own country. Their language has been reduced to writing, and they have gained the knowledge of letters. They have, many of them, emerged from the tyranny of the will of their chiefs into the protection of a written law, abounding with liberal and enlightened principles, and 200,000 of them are reported to have embraced Christianity.

MR. GEORGE HIBBERT.

Mr. George Hibbert was one of the most distinguished of those princely merchants whose knowledge of literature, patronage of the arts, and extensive intercourse with the world have contributed so much, in a great commercial country like our own, to elevate the rank and character of the class to which they belong, and to give to the pursuits of wealth an enlarged and liberalizing spirit. Mr. Hibbert possessed, during the most active period of his life, an uncommon influence amongst the great commercial bodies of the metropolis, and more particularly amongst those connected with the West India trade, from his integrity and high character, his great knowledge of business, his excellent sense and judgment, and his clearness and readiness in public speaking. He was an excellent botanist, and the collection of plants which he had formed at his residence at Clapham was remarkable, not merely for its great extent, but likewise for the great number of extremely rare plants which it contained. He was well known also as a very extensive and judicious collector of books, prints, drawings, and paintings, and was endeared to a large circle of private friends, amongst the most cultivated classes of society in this country, by his refined yet simple manners, his happy temper, and his many social and domestic virtues.

Farwell Address of the Duke of Sussex.

LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY ARTICLE.

WHEN we look abroad over the mighty city of London, we are involuntarily struck with the thought, how shall any one mind comprehend all the springs of action that animate this multitude of moving beings? how estimate the effects of all the jarring interests of the busy mass? We can look upon its surface and there trace something of the circulation of its life-blood, as some of the veins and arteries of our frame are dimly apparent through their coverings, but we cannot trace and depict all the ramifications; we can feel the pulse, but we cannot lay bare the heart.

It is indeed an impressive sight, striking to those who each day behold it, but to the stranger most wondrous.

"We have," says an eloquent writer in the North American Review, "an affection for a great city. We feel safe in the neighbourhood of man, and enjoy 'the sweet security of streets.' The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to us. We find sermons in the stones of side-walks. In the continuous sound of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, we hear 'the sad music of humanity.' We feel that life is not a dream, but an earnest reality; that the beings around us are not the insects of a day, but the pilgrims of an eternity; they are our fellow-creatures, each with his history of thousand-fold occurrences, insignificant it may be to us, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken.

"The green earth, and air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach unto us the gospel of a great and good Providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. He is the great evangelist. And though oftentimes, unconscious of his mission, or reluctant to fulfil it, he leads others astray, even then to the thoughtful mind he preaches. We are in love with nature, and most of all with human nature. The face of man is a benediction to us. The greatest works of his handicraft delight us hardly less than the greatest works of nature. They are 'the masterpieces of her own masterpiece.' Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please us evermore, for they conduct us into the fellowship of great minds. And thus our sympathies are with men, and streets, and city-gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles. And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, if we are wise, to 'look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbours at the street-door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue.'

"Now of all cities is London the monarch. To us likewise is it the great metropolis. We are not cockneys. We were born on this side of the sea. Our family name is not recorded in the Domesday Book. It is doubtful whether our ancestral tree was planted so far back as the Conquest. Nor are we what Sir Philip Sidney calls 'wry-transformed travellers.' We do not affect a foreign air, nor resemble the merry friar in the Canterbury Tales, of whom the prologue says,—

'Somewhat he lisped for his wantonness,
To make his English sweet upon his tongue.'

Nevertheless to us likewise is London the monarch of cities. The fact, that the English language is spoken in it, makes us feel at home there, and gives us, as it were, the freedom of the city. Even the associations of childhood connect us with it. We remember it as far back as the happy days, when we loved nursery songs, and 'rode a-horseback on best father's knee.' Whittington and his cat lived there. All our picture-books and our sisters' dolls came from there; and we thought, poor children! that everybody in London sold dolls and picture-books,

as the country boy imagined that everybody in Boston sold gingerbread, because his father always brought some home from town on market days. Since those times we have grown wiser. We have been in St. Paul's church-yard, and know by heart all the green parks and quiet squares of London.

"Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the great metropolis, as all the world knows. It comprises the City of London and its Liberties, with the City and Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surrey. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five: its circumference from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees 'growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness.' Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James's, where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where with the quaint George Herbert you may think, that 'when the bells do chime, it is angels' music;' and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapour, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

"These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond Hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time, can hardly believe, that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is! and the coachman answers with a stare of wonder and pity, 'The *Tems*, sir.' Pleasure-boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water lilies, on its bosom. On its banks are villages, and church-towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song,

'In sepulchres unheard and green.'

"In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along the shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the Borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro, and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is the signal lamp at the mast head of a steam-vessel that flits by, like a cloud, above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices,—curses, laughter and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, 'the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.' And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant from some belfry in the suburbs comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul's with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from Southwark, then at a distance, like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapours of the morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river, between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, towards which we are swiftly gliding:—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples, lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

It is difficult, almost impossible, fully to understand the working of that great society, or rather congregation of societies, of which the population of London consists, for from the lowest den, to the stately palace, all the inhabitants form little separate societies, pressed together, as it were, by the vast weight around them, as material bodies are held together by the pressure of the atmosphere; each of these societies has its own interests, its own characteristics, its own gossip, and is so completely wrapped up in itself that the Londoner is frequently more ignorant of the intellectual resources of the metropolis than he who has never visited it; (the places of amusement he learns from the newspapers.) The youth who ardently pants after knowledge often labours in vain, for want of assistance within his reach, but yet hidden from him.

The minds of men at the present day are bent upon the acquirement of *real*, not superficial knowledge; its possession is necessary to maintain a man's rank in society, and the rising generation will raise the scale of *necessary* knowledge yet higher. This effect of an increasing improvement in the intellectual requisites of good society is felt and acknowledged all over the kingdom. Strong efforts have been made and are making in the provinces to meet it. The metropolis has led and will continue to lead the way. But the peculiar constitution of its society prevents many of the objects of the projectors of various institutions from being fulfilled. The man of business, and most of those who reside in or near London, frequenting it daily, are men of business, know little that is passing beyond their diurnal occupation, the politics of the day, and affairs that happen in or projects that are taken up by the *society*, the *circle*, the *domestic world*, they move in; and thus an admirable library or institution may be found at the elbow of many a man who is scarcely aware of its existence, but which once known would be prized and used.

How numerous are the societies, institutions, and libraries, public, proprietary, and subscriptionary, yet comparatively how little known, even to those who reside close to them! The advantages afforded by them are little understood, and for want of more extended information very many who would otherwise willingly seek them, are excluded from their benefits. We purpose from time to time to supply this want, and to give a brief but *correct* and sufficient notice of all such as, by the nature of their constitution, are of general interest.

LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.

A most extraordinary species of manufacture has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone or other flat substance of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen, which spins a strong web: and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them measuring 26½ by 17 inches, weighed only a grain and a half, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made weighs 4 grains; whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs 137 1-3 grains; and one square yard of the finest net weighs 262 grains.

THE LOSS OF THE THETIS FRIGATE.

THE Thetis frigate of forty-six guns, and a crew of 300 men, which sailed from Rio Janeiro for England, having gold, silver, and various other treasure, on board, to the amount of 810,000 dollars, the property of merchants and others in this country, was wrecked off Cape Frio, an island on the coast of Brazil, on the 5th of Decr. 1830. The vessel, in the darkness of the night, had missed its course, and ran foul of the cliffs of that island, and in a few seconds the bowsprit and all three masts being carried away "at one fell swoop," the ship was instantly reduced from the grandeur of full sail, to a helpless and unmanageable hulk. In spite of the efforts of the crew, the ill-fated vessel went down before day-break. The preservation of so many lives was truly providential, for the nook in which the Thetis was lost is the only spot on the whole line of coast, where they could possibly have been saved; only twenty-eight out of upwards of 300 persons having lost their lives. With her cargo and stores she was 1600 tons burden.

Captain Dickinson of the Lightning sloop of war, (which had come into Rio on the day of the disaster,) inspired with the idea of professional reputation, conceived the adventurous project of recovering the whole, or a portion of this immense treasure, and by the consent of Admiral Baker, the commander-in-chief on the South American station, he immediately made arrangements for what many of his friends considered an Utopian experiment. But Captain Dickinson, one of Collingwood's protégés, had been in "actual and active service from nine years of age," and in these "piping times of peace," longed for meritorious distinction.

In such a quarter of the world, the difficulties of such an undertaking were immense. In the first place, neither in the city of Rio Janeiro nor its arsenal, were to be found either of those indispensable—a diving-bell, or an air-pump; so that from the beginning the affair may be cited as an instance of how much may be accomplished by a determination to succeed in any undertaking. The Thetis sunk in a cove or inlet of the island of Frio, running inwards about 100 fathoms, and 90 fathoms broad, surrounded by cliffs from 80 to 194 feet in height, with an exposure to the whole force of the South Atlantic Ocean. The place looked terrific, and the responsibility seemed awful; yet the brave captain anchored on the opposite side of the island on the 31st of January, landed two-thirds of his crew, which consisted wholly of 135, commenced the erection of store-houses, workshops, temporary residences, and making such other arrangements as the work required. This done, their first operation was to construct a diving-bell, which was contrived out of two two-ton water-tanks, and other materials within their reach, which weighed 80 cwt. They also constructed an air-pump, but the desideratum of air-tight hose seemed, for a time, to baffle their ingenuity. This difficulty was also overcome, by dressing up the hose of a Truscot pump and Fisher's watering apparatus from on board. The magnitude, and the hazardous nature of the undertaking, may be conceived from the nature of the appliances by which the diving-bell was to be used, and the depth of the ocean explored. While the diving-bell and a huge derrick or crane were being made, the residue of the crew were employed in forming platforms, and cutting roads down the face of the cliffs, for the purpose of fixing and working them. Thirteen feet had been taken off the top of a cliff, and a platform formed of 80 feet by 60, besides four other platforms for the working of capstans; roads, &c. had been cut, and a zig-zag path down the cliff, which put together, amounted to a mile and-a-half. This ponderous piece of machinery (the cranes when finished were upwards of 40 tons weight), and its launching, erecting, and fixing with cables, and cable-guys, to regulate the ascent and descent of the diving apparatus, was attended with infinite labour and exertion. The idea of staying an immense crane, with from five to nine inch cables, to rocks ninety fathoms asunder, with a complication of other auxiliary cordage and tackle, had in it something grand. In the mean time, however, buoys had been fixed, and a smaller bell had been made, and mounted on one of the largest ship's boats, which enabled them to make observations on the state of the wreck. The Thetis had by this time gone to pieces, and, by the violent commotion of the sea,

was minutely dispersed. The intrepid divers had thus gone on with unwearied assiduity, buffeting the waves, and removing impediments from below, without success, till the 31st of March, when a signal from the bell-men announced the welcome sight of dollars. Three cheers followed the ascent of the men with their caps full of them, together with some gold. In the course of the first day, 6000 were recovered from the deep; and, not content with their success by day-light, they followed it up, by the use of large torches dispersed in the various boats, till midnight. In the midst of almost incredible obstacles, they proceeded, when the weather permitted, in recovering, from time to time, immense sums of specie and bullion. On one day they took up to the value of 21,680 dollars. The derrick being now finished, and, with great exertion, mounted, enabled them to remove rocks and other encumbrances from the bottom, and so powerful was this machine, that weights of upwards of twelve tons were shifted by it; by it also the great bell was suspended. Their operations were now quite systematic, and conversations by signal with the submerged workmen carried on with great regularity. On the 24th of May, 124,000 dollars were shipped for England.

The derrick, which was of immense use to them, was, by a tremendous storm, rendered a complete wreck, and their next substitute was suspension chains, with a series of cable-guys, which were erected from cliff to cliff, with great toil and difficulty. To notice the perils, the hair-breadth escapes, and the occasional privations, Captain Dickinson and his crew encountered for fourteen months in this service, with the excellent discipline on the one hand, and cheerful and indefatigable exertion on the other, would exceed the limits of this short notice. During that time, no fewer than five diving-bells were constructed, the violence of the sea having rendered some of them useless; air-pumps, hose, (which was being continually damaged,) and other requisites, were manufactured; they had blasted thousands of tons of rock, to find proper situations for fastenings, and vast obstructions at the bottom were removed, by all which contrivances and extraordinary energy and endurance, at various times they were enabled to transmit to England the immense sum of nearly 600,000 dollars: besides which, the "Algerine," which superseded the "Lightning," recovered a further amount of 161,500, being together $\frac{1}{4}$ of the entire sum lost. £2000 worth of government stores were likewise saved by Capt. Dickinson. By the great pressure of the rocks, some of the treasure formed a hard concrete with the particles of granite, iron nails, fragments of jars, glass bottles, pitch, and paint, and various other materials. It is astonishing that all this was accomplished without the loss of a single life in the diving-bell, or in working the complicated and gigantic tackle; but three persons were drowned from one of the boats during a storm. The climate, however, and the weather, were exceedingly destructive of their health, and at times a considerable portion of them were under the doctor's care. Amongst their other trials, they were subject to almost all the plagues of Egypt.

In their slightly constructed huts they were attacked by myriads of tormentors in the shape of ants, mosquitoes, fleas, and worst of all, "jiggers." The ants attacked everything eatable. The serenade of the mosquito is well known, but it appears the fleas assailed them in numbers beyond the power of any method they could adopt for their destruction, for they were inhabitants of the sand. The jiggers penetrated the skin, and formed painful and troublesome ulcers, especially on the feet, which sometimes produced lameness among half of the crew. Withal, they performed the duties of a most arduous undertaking in a manner which admitted of unqualified praise, and it is a matter of exceeding regret, that any question should have arisen regarding the remuneration for such extraordinary exertions, and such sacrifice of health and comfort. This unfortunately became the subject of protracted litigation. Parties claiming participation in the salvage, who were not within fifty miles at the time, and the underwriters availing themselves of these disputes, affirmed, that being in the king's service, they were entitled to no remuneration whatever. In the Admiralty Court £17,000 was awarded among the whole litigants, amounting to 400; but on an appeal to the judicial committee of the Privy Council by Capt. Dickinson, on behalf of himself and the crew of the "Lightning," an additional sum of £12,000 was obtained. But for the enterprising spirit and invention of Captain Dickinson, it is not likely that one dollar of the immense sum lost, would ever have been recovered.

THE MORNING OVERCAST*.

WHEN the first throbbings of his enthusiasm had subsided, Peter Jones continued gazing upon the starry firmament with a sensation in which awe and pleasure were mingled. "Are these all worlds?" he muttered; "yes—perhaps dwelling-places of creatures far superior to man!" He had burst the shell of his low, narrow idea of the universe and of God; his mind felt as if rising from earth, and longing to traverse the unfathomable space laid open to its range. Everywhere he now beheld HIM whom he had been seeking; his perception had acquired sight, and he marvelled at his former blindness. He saw God in the light that streamed from the sun; he saw HIM in the milder radiance of the moon "walking in brightness;" he saw HIM in the stars that sparkled overhead, and he beheld HIM in the meanest weed which he trod beneath his feet. "His pencil," he exclaimed, in rapturous joy, "has touched the flowers, that man, in these beautiful creations, may have a perpetual calendar of delight; His hand has painted the glowing canvas of the skies, that at evening tide all nature may breathe a prayer, and sing a hymn of thanksgiving." The imagination of Peter Jones, which had hitherto made himself its centre, and had built its airy castles with grovelling materials, now sprang upwards, flitting from world to world, and searching out the boundaries of God's everlasting dominions. The mind had acquired power, equivalent to the possession of a new faculty; and the hitherto ignorant youth was rising in the scale of creation.

The friend and patron of Peter Jones—he who had opened to him the gate of this new world—was one of those rare characters, whose familiarity, unlike the familiarity of other men, made those who knew him most to love him the more, and to feel that a more intimate acquaintanceship only deepened that affectionate respect which we call reverence. His goodness was not a mere result of blood, or bias, or temper, but one of the fruits of a planted and watered character. Bad men provoke wrath and hatred; stern men make their dependants to fear them; weak men excite contempt, and good-natured men live under the toleration of a smile. And there are many men who provoke neither hatred, nor fear, nor contempt, habitually, but who move amongst the elements of the passions as a straw floats in the air, and who may be either blown up towards heaven, or dragged down to the earth. But good men are peculiarly men of character; their passions all tend to a balance; they have a central controlling power, to adjust perturbations. They have often time—or they take it—to look out from their own souls into the souls of other men. For generally we see but the more framework of the humanity of others; and often, while our own hearts are busily occupied with our own never-ending thoughts and feelings and desires, we act, as if we were the only self-thoughtful and self-feeling creatures amongst our fellows.

Peter's patron, being a good and a considerate man, saw with delight the result of the experiment which he had made on Peter's mind. He knew that the intellect of the youth was budding, for he beheld its blossoms through his eyes. A visible change was working on Peter's outer man; the dull face became reflective and beamed with intelligence, and he walked with a firmer step. His intellectual parent watched the new-born indications of life, and resolved to cherish that which he had begun. He carried him with him to hear the opening lecture of a Mechanics' Institution, and was more absorbed in watching the countenance of his protégé, than in listening to the words of the lecturer. Peter heard the speaker announce that "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER," and the words seemed to contain a self-illuminated truth—his heart responded, "I feel it, I feel it!" Then it was proclaimed that "what man has done, that man can do;" and Peter vowed in his inmost soul that he would add another testimony to the fact. For he heard wonderful things of the effects of knowledge—how poor men had become great men, and renowned in the world, because they sought for it as for hid treasure—how man had tamed the elements by knowledge, and compelled them to serve him—how the invisible air had been analysed, and stones compelled to reveal the secret of their composition, and the dumb earth to unroll its history, and the comets, as they flew past, to murmur somewhat respecting their times and seasons. Wonder-working knowledge! Peter,

on that night, knew that he had begun to live. "No!" he said, "I shall not always be a poor, insignificant creature; I shall acquire knowledge, and then I shall obtain power!" and he besought God, in whom all knowledge and all power resides, to aid him with health and strength, that he might devote all his energy and all his time to the acquisition of knowledge.

Peter now began to read with greediness whatever books came in his way. The lectures at the Mechanics' Institution were a source of extraordinary delight—he would almost sooner have parted with a limb, than have been absent on a lecture night. Every day brought him fresh proof that "knowledge is power," for not a day passed over without some addition to his stock of ideas. It is when the mind is pleasurably excited that knowledge sinks deepest and most powerfully—and Peter's waking moments were one continued sensation of delight. He grudged the time necessary for cleaning himself, because it absorbed a portion of the time during his breakfast hour which might have been devoted to his book; he longed for the time of dinner, that he might have half an hour to read; and night was his glory, for then came either the lecture, or a long interval prolonged into the morning, given up to an absorbing occupation. Every Monday night he took up a position sturdily at the door of the library to get his books exchanged; and even though the house had been announced to be on fire, Peter would scarcely have bugged till he had effected his purpose.

He told his mother that he would rise in the world. "I will study hard," said he, "I will learn every thing, and you will yet see me become a great man!" His mother smiled at this sanguine expression of enthusiasm, and bidding him open his Bible, desired him to read the following verses:—

"This wisdom have I seen under the sun, and it seemed great unto me. There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

"Well," said he, after he had read it, "how does this apply to me? Do you not know, mother, that men were comparatively fools in those days, and were ignorant of the great truth, that 'knowledge is power?' Why, mother, I thought that you would not discourage me in trying to raise myself in the world!" She felt the rebuke, and taking her son in her arms, told him, with tears in her eyes, that nobody in the wide world would rejoice more truly at his success in life than his poor old mother.

He became acquainted with a few youths, kindred spirits, all members of the Mechanics' Institution, and all of them eagerly seeking after the knowledge which is power. They formed a little club or society, and Peter was enrolled amongst them. At first it appeared to him a daringly impudent thing for him to imagine that he could make a speech or write an essay; but then he recollected that "what man has done, that man can do," and so he tried his hand. His first speech was applauded, and his first essay pronounced excellent, by his confederate orators and essayists, and Peter grew exceedingly well-pleased with himself. "What a difference there is," thought he, "between what I am now, and what I was some time ago! Surely knowledge is power—I am becoming stronger every day." Peter did not know that he was beginning to spread his peacock feathers to the sun—tares were growing up with the wheat.

It would have turned sorrow into laughter to have been present at a meeting of this little band of orators and essayists. There they sat more gravely than senators, their juvenile chairman, with an imperturbable gravity, keeping his eye fixed on the reader or speaker; "hear, hear!" occasionally startled the stillness of the room, and a well turned period or a vehement assertion usually received hearty applause. They tried all subjects, not even excepting the "origin of evil,"—that speculation they left where they found it, though it did not leave them in the same mental condition as when they began its discussion. Peter's mind was injured; since he had begun to think, he had viewed only the bright side—the universe was to him an abode of joy, and God the God of happiness; and how evil could arise and exist in the happy universe of a God of happiness, was to him most distressingly inexplicable. The idea passed away, but it left its footmarks behind it.

Peter's mother having been provided with a situation, the

*Continued from "The Dawning of the Day," in No. IV.

household was broken up, and Peter went to lodge with a fellow-workman, the father of a family. This man interested Peter exceedingly, for he was quiet, grave, intelligent, and temperate, was partial to pursuits of a mechanical nature, had a small set of chemical apparatus, and dabbled with experiments. Peter talked with him, and walked with him, and looked upon him as altogether a superior man. One day, while he was puzzling himself about a passage in the Bible, he referred to his landlord for an opinion. "Oh," replied the man, with a quiet kind of expression, between a smile and a sneer,—"I never bother my head about these things." "Why?" "Because I am what religious folks call an infidel—a deist." Peter Jones knew what the word deist meant; he knew that it implied a rejection of the Bible as a Divine Revelation—but then he had always heard the character of a deist associated with something wicked or immoral, while here was a man for whose general character he had a great esteem, and who nevertheless professed himself a deist! Peter was staggered—he had felt a recoil from the man the moment he had announced himself to be a deist, and now he was angry with himself about it. His landlord had not pressed his opinions; he had not even suggested them: but seeing Peter disposed to inquire, he lent him a few tracts and pamphlets. Peter had been educated not only with a reverential but a superstitious respect for the Bible; not only did he reverence the words, but he revered the paper on which the words were printed. He felt therefore horrified at the manner in which the Bible was treated in the tracts he was reading, for he had not conceived it possible that such a thing could be. His horror subsided into anger; his anger cooled; and as he cooled, the poison was deposited. At first he was afraid to say of himself, that he was a deist: but as soon as he mustered courage to pronounce the word, he repeated it again and again.

Shortly afterwards he met his mother, and she asked if he had been at church on the preceding Sunday. "Oh!" said he, with a conceited air, "I have given up all that nonsense now!" The poor woman did not comprehend him; she looked at him for an explanation; and Peter, drawing his little figure up to its fullest length, added, "Because I am now a deist!" The mother understood that this meant a denial of that faith on which her hope rested; and she turned away with a sore and troubled heart. But Peter acted in a bravado spirit; he told every body he knew that he was now a deist; and the very loudness and firmness of the tone in which he announced it seemed necessary to convince himself that the fact was even so.

Away from the consequences, it might have made one smile to hear this little particle of the mysterious, calling himself a deist. For he lived in a most marvellous world, and was himself one of the constituents of the marvellous; and how he breathed, and how he thought, and how the stars were in the heavens, and how the Bible contains the most ancient records of the race, and how it has employed the most varied talent, the most extraordinary intellect, in its elucidation, and what is the destiny of man, and wherefore he is immortal—of all this Peter Jones knew nothing at all, or scarcely anything at all—yet still he went about, proclaiming, "I'm a deist!"

His patron heard of this extraordinary change in one of whom he had entertained such a good opinion; and he sent for the youth, that he might learn from himself the cause. Peter went, full of confidence and conceit, and prepared, as he thought, to out-argue the best, almost the only friend he had in the world. The good man soon saw how it was with Peter; and, instead of arguing, mildly expostulated. Peter was touched, but pride came to the rescue; and he told his patron he was free to choose his own opinions. "Yes," he replied, "you are not only free, but it is your right and your duty to do so on all important matters. But what has produced this change?" "Knowledge is power," said Peter, "and Truth is the daughter of knowledge and power, and we should follow Truth wherever she may lead." Peter was not aware that the only power which knowledge had yet given him was the power of presumption. He told his patron that he was tired of his native place; that he saw no chance of getting on in the world, and he had resolved to go to London; "for that was the field where talent was sure to be encouraged." "Fool," said his patron, more angrily than was his wont, "you go to London with a scanty stock of ideas, with your principles unsettled, without a trade by which to earn your bread, without money in your pocket, without a friend. Oh! young man, I tremble for the consequences to yourself. How is it that a cloud has overcast so fair a morning!"

But Peter's self-will was strong: he had lost the favour of his patron, he had grieved his mother, and he had also (though unaware of it) *offended himself*. His joy and happiness had all evaporated; he was discontented and miserable; he hated the sight of friends, and he longed to break away from constraint. So he started for London, indulging, by the way, in vague illusions; the motion of travelling scattering unpleasant thoughts. He arrived in the "great city" with fourpence-halfpenny in his pocket; and his first solicitude was to find out a person to whom his recent landlord had recommended him, and who would doubtless have proved a friend, had he been found out; but he had long before left the spot where Peter thought he would have found him, and where else he did not know to turn. Worn and forlorn, still the novelty of the streets of London diverted the anxious thoughts, and night fell ere the adventurer was aware. The fourpence-halfpenny soon disappeared for the warmth of a fire, a loaf, and a draught of beer. As the night grew, he felt ashamed to see his empty jug stand so long before him; for it looked as if he occupied the room of one who would more profitably repay the shelter of the landlord's roof. So out he went, and the night was spent in pacing the streets, chiefly about the Strand. Till past midnight the scene was amusing enough: the brilliantly lighted shops, the busy thoroughfares, and the crowds that swept along on the closing of the theatres, were enough to engage attention. After midnight the scene was not so busy, but far from being quiet. The coach, at intervals, rattled along, bearing home from evening parties its owners or its hirers; groups were returning from their taverns or their clubs; and unhappy prowlers walked the streets. But in all that long and dreary night (or rather it was the morning that was dreary,) no riots or interruptions to the public peace were remarked.

Two other nights were passed in a similar manner; for the youth's efforts to find out his friend were ineffectual, and applications for employment were ineffectual, perhaps partly on account of Peter's dejected and squalid looks, but principally because he could not tell what he could do. Subsistence was procured by the sale of a handkerchief which he wore about his neck, and for which he got a shilling. But the nights grew, each of them, more intolerable than before, and the desire to lie down in a bed became an absorbing feeling. After traversing the spacious extent of Oxford-street, he had turned up one of the narrow streets or rather lanes of St. Giles's, because its darkness and dirt seemed a relief and a shelter. Here, by a faint glimmering of light, he saw in a window, one pane of which was supplied by a hat and another by a bundle of rags, that beds were to be had within. He had twopence-halfpenny in his pocket; so he entered, and inquired from an Irishwoman who was superintending a pot that hung over a fire, if he could have a bed? "Ay, sure," was the reply; "but at what price, my darling? I have beds of all sorts and sizes." Peter hesitated, and his hesitation was misinterpreted. "Ye can have a bed up stairs, as nice a bed as ye would wish to lie down on, for a sixpence; and I can give ye a bed in the room below [a damp cellar] for threepence, only ye will have more company." The confession was made of poverty, and the twopence-halfpenny was tendered. The landlady became for the moment less gracious; she talked of how often she had been "done" when she gave credit, and that a halfpenny was a halfpenny to her; but suddenly, as if trusting to her skill in physiognomy, she exclaimed, "Sure, then, ye arn't one of the common sort: have ye anybody in London that ye know?" and with other inquiries, until she learnt a portion of Peter's history. "And will ye pay me again, if I trust you?" she asked, looking steadily in his face. "I will." The tone of this answer gave confidence, and in a few minutes the young man was seated by the fire, a mess from the pot was placed before him, and he was enjoined to keep himself quiet. Is there not goodness of heart amongst the rudest and roughest of mankind?

In a few minutes the room (which might have been in former days used as the parlour, but which was now kitchen and hall) began to fill. The residents in this hotel were returning from their day's avocations. There were Irish labourers newly arrived in town, women and children, pickpockets, and begging impostors. Two long forms with narrow coarse deal tables were ranged out—here each sat down to treat themselves to supper, according to their means, or the success of their day's adventures. The most remarkable of all, at least from his noise and vociferations, was a young athletic Englishman, dressed in an old blue coat, a pair of white trousers (it was the spring of the year), and

an apron rolled round him. With him was connected a young woman who passed as his wife—these two were full of boisterous glee from the success of their speculations at different parts of the town. The man had passed himself off that day as a Spitalfields weaver out of work, and having a young wife and a starving family at home. With what a laugh he recounted the fact (gin and beer were operating on his head) of overhearing one female say to another, "Poor man! he seems to be a decent tradesman out of work!" And a kind, benevolent gentleman, to whom he had mentioned the names of several ministers and others who had assisted him, had interested himself for him, and had raised a subscription of four or five shillings for him. The young woman, though not so successful as her partner had been, had also earned a "pretty good day's work." As far as could be judged from their conversation, their gains might have amounted to about twelve or fourteen shillings.

The other individuals made a singular medley. Their modes of living appeared various. Several were adroit in imposition day after day, under different disguises and pretences. Honest wretchedness and poverty were also here, spending the passing night, after having arrived in London, and knowing not where to turn. But the clever vagabonds ascended the creaking stairs to the better sort of beds—the less fortunate, honest and dishonest, went down to a cellar having an earthen floor, where about a dozen of trundle beds were spread out. Among the inmates was at least one individual under hiding from the police.

Peter took advantage of the opening of the door to rush out from this squalid abode of wretchedness, poverty, immorality, and crime. He was once more in London streets, and he thought that a form resembling his father was following him, and looking in his face, as if mournfully to upbraid him. "Ah!" he thought, "poor as was our house, it never would have entered my mind that I should have fallen so low as this! Forsaken of God and man! or rather I have abandoned my friends, and forsaken truth, and here I am, left utterly to myself. Is knowledge power? It has given me no power, but the power of ruining myself!" A voice seemed to whisper in his ear—"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place!" The truth of this struck into his heart—he sat down on the steps of a shop-door, and wept.

A SUNDAY AT MOSCOW.

To one who a long time had been a stranger to the sound of "the church-going bell," few things could be more interesting than a Sunday at Moscow. Any one who has rambled along the maritime Alps, and has heard from some lofty eminence the convent bell ringing for matins, vespers, and midnight prayers, will long remember the not unpleasant sounds. To me there is always something touching in the sound of the church-bell; in itself pleasing by its effect upon the sense, but far more so in its associations. And these feelings were exceedingly fresh when I awoke on Sunday, in the holy city of Moscow. In Greece and Turkey, there are no bells; in Russia they are almost innumerable; but this was the first time I had happened to pass the Sabbath in the city. I lay and listened, almost fearing to move, lest I should lose the sounds; thoughts of home came over me; of the day of rest, of the gathering for church, and the greeting of friends at the church-door. But he who has never heard the ringing of bells at Moscow does not know its music. Imagine a city containing more than six hundred churches, and innumerable convents, all with bells, and these all sounding together, from the sharp, quick, hammer-note, to the loudest, deepest peals that ever lingered on the ear, struck at long intervals, and swelling on the air as if unwilling to die away. I arose and threw open my window, dressed myself, and after breakfast, joining the throng called to the respective churches by their well-known bells, I went to what is called the English chapel, where, for the first time in many months, I joined in a regular church-service, and listened to an orthodox sermon. I was surprised to see so large a congregation, though I remarked among them many English governesses with children, the English language being at that moment the rage among the Russians, and multitudes of cast-off chambermaids being employed to teach the rising Russian nobility the beauties of the English tongue. — *Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

EUROPEAN INFLUENCE IN THE EAST.

ON looking at the map, we perceive that Europe forms a comparatively small portion of a vast continent, of which Asia is the main body. The Russian empire extends across this continent, occupying its northern quarter, from the Baltic sea to Kamtschatka, and from the Arctic ocean to the Black sea, and the frontiers of Persia and Turkey on the west, and to the frontiers of China on the east. In the interior of the continent are the *steppes* of Tartaria and Mongolia—extensive regions, inhabited by those wandering shepherd horsemen, whose forefathers have repeatedly rushed forth in hordes, desolating the fairest portions of Asia, and making Europe tremble. Continuing south, we have Persia on the extreme west, and China on the extreme east; the great space between Persia, China, and the *steppes*, being occupied by tribes or nations, half nomadic, half agricultural, until, descending from the table-land of Tibet, and the stupendous mountain ranges of the Himalaya, which guard Hindustan along the north-east, we pass through the "Happy Valley" of Cashmere, and enter upon the great triangular-shaped peninsula of Hindustan, which contains our Indian empire.

By referring once more to the map, the position and boundaries of our Eastern dominions may be easily ascertained. The peninsula of Hindustan is triangular-shaped; and it is round the head of this peninsula that the nations lie, from whose restlessness or enmity danger is apprehended. From the mouth of the Persian gulf, extending northwards to the steppes of Tartary, and forming a western and north-western boundary between Persia and Hindustan, are the extensive countries of Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and Bokhara—all inhabited by mixed races, partly commercial, partly agricultural, but a far greater portion nomadic or wandering pastoral tribes, akin to the Tartars and Mongols. "The territory of the Afghans," says Heeren, "or eastern Persia, called also the kingdom of Cabul, from the name of the principal city, is inhabited by a nation, which, making allowances for the influence of Mohammedism, appears to be in pretty nearly the same stage of civilisation as at the time of the conquest of Alexander the Great. Some of them occupy fixed abodes in cities and villages, others lead a pastoral life under the shade of tents; but even in the case of the former, their wealth principally consists in their cattle; their constitution nearly resembling that of the ancient clans of Scotland. The whole race is divided into different clans or tribes, and though professing a general allegiance to a common prince, they pay a much more implicit obedience to their several chieftains, though the influence of the latter is always greater or less, in proportion to the weight of their personal character. Elphinstone found them a people of simple manners, whose pastoral habits presented a pleasing picture; while at the same time they were courageous and independent: such also they were found to be by Alexander; and we cannot peruse without indignation the recital of their severe treatment at his hands, for having attempted to defend their cities and possessions."

It is in this direction, the north-west, or in the extensive border land which lies between Hindustan and Persia, that the chief danger is to be apprehended: for though the Birman empire, on the south-east, is supposed to be likely to be troublesome, there is not perhaps much apprehension as to the result of any movement in that quarter. Now, it will hardly be doubted, that the weakening of the English power in the East would be detrimental—a great calamity—to Hindustan, and to the general interests of humanity. European civilisation owes a large debt to the East, which we are only beginning to pay back. We are

only beginning to understand the country and people, and they are only beginning to feel the influence of our rule. The stores of Hindu literature are just opening to European scholars, and beginning to shed light on the early history of our race; and Hindu mind, manners, and morals, have received an infusion of life-blood by the exertions of missionaries and the translations of the Scriptures. China, too—that strange country, which knew the composition of the *fire-drug* while we were handling the bow and arrow, and used the mariner's compass, and practised printing, while we were comparative savages—is beginning to stagger under the repeated assaults on its exclusive system; and the roots of a great English empire have been laid down in Australia. Many indications point to the probable fact, that the East, the cradle of civilisation, from whence issued those arts, sciences, and manufactures, which have lifted Europeans so high in the scale, is about to become again the seat of a higher and a more enhanced civilisation, which will gradually break up the uniformity of three thousand years. "It was on Asia," says Heeren, "that the first dawn of history broke; and during succeeding ages, when Africa was involved in almost total obscurity, from which Europe herself was slowly disengaged, there rested upon Asia a degree of light which, if it did not illuminate equally all the great events of which that continent was the theatre, served at least to illustrate their general course, and to furnish important data towards the history of the human species." The same distinguished author whose words we have quoted, thus speaks of that particular portion of Asia which we have now under consideration:—"Of all the divisions of Asia, the southern, containing the territory of Hindustan, is distinguished by the richness and diversity of its productions. Here we not only find (with very few exceptions) all the products of other parts of civilised Asia, but so great a variety peculiar to its climate, that it would appear as if a new and more beautiful creation had sprung up under the hand of nature. Nearly all the spices, which become necessary to mankind in exact proportion to the progress of luxury and refinement, have at all times been peculiar to this region, while two of the most important articles used in clothing, viz. cotton and silk, were first produced here, and continue to be so in an especial degree, though their cultivation has been gradually extended to other countries. These natural advantages have rendered this quarter the principal seat of Asiatic commerce; its productions have flowed from the east to the west in a continual stream; and notwithstanding some occasional deviations in its branches, the main current has never been dried up. The influence which an intercourse with India may have had on the civilisation of mankind is a question worthy the close attention of the philosophical student of history."

To disturb or weaken the power of the English in Hindustan would, as we have said, be fatal, at least for a time, to the gradual and tranquil progress of the great re-active process now going on. There is no other European power that could take our place. Looking at the map, one might be apt to fancy that the emperor of Russia might march, as Alexander marched, a great army from his frontiers to the shores of the Indian ocean, and annex Hindustan to his dominions; and thus, with a little license of expression, the Russian empire might be said to extend, in a solid mass, from the north pole to the equator. Such a contingency is a remote one; but supposing it likely to occur within any reasonable period from the present time, still Russia, even if it were able to conquer, could not retain Hindustan as the English retain it. Over the peninsula English law and order are beginning to be diffused—to enter the national character; and we are beginning to get acquainted with those active mountain

tribes that skirt Hindustan, and whose country has hitherto been all but shut up from modern activity and research. But if the English power was broken, another European power could not occupy its place. Anarchy would ensue: a tremendous contest for dominion would arise amongst native adventurers; the barriers which we have erected round Hindustan would be overthrown; mountain tribes from the Himalaya ranges, Afghans from their hills and valleys, nay, even Tartars and Mongols from their distant steppes, might come like sweeping torrents, and renew over the fertile soil of British India some of the fearful scenes enacted by Ghengis Khan or Timur. Events such as these are as likely, and more likely, to occur than a Russian conquest of Hindustan.

Before the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope, the products of India were carried over-land into Europe—Alexandria in Egypt being the great emporium. "It was a necessary consequence of the fact, that the commerce of Asia was principally carried on by land, that it should be materially influenced by the political changes and revolutions which took place there. When new tribes of conquerors emerged from their deserts, and overthrew by their countless hordes an established empire, a revolution so complete could not but affect its commerce also. Nevertheless, it is a remark which the whole tenor of Asiatic history confirms, that, though often interrupted and modified, the commerce of the country was never entirely destroyed. On the contrary, it appears always to have resumed its original position with greater facility than could have been expected; nor are the causes difficult to discover. The victorious nation soon perceived the advantages to be derived from a continuance of the former state of things; the wants of the conquered soon became theirs also; the customs or presents extorted from the caravans which traversed their country enriched them or their chiefs; and it may be added, that a sort of taste for commerce and trade prevails even among the ruder tribes of Asia. Less injury was inflicted on commerce by these changes of dynasty and wars of victorious nations, than by the anarchy into which despotic governments are apt to be dissolved. On such occasions, innumerable hordes of banditti are presently formed, which destroy all internal security—the restraint of a superior power having been removed. The anarchy and confusion which so long prevailed in the state of Persia, caused an almost total interruption of her commerce.

"In this manner, with some partial modifications and occasional interruptions, the internal commerce of Asia continued on the whole the same, through all the mighty political revolutions which affected the interior, from the days of Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar to those of Ghengis Khan and Timur. As the more recent dynasties were built on the same foundations with their predecessors, so their commerce also retained the same general character. Its principal seats remained unchanged; and the countries in which these were situated were at all times adorned with rich and flourishing cities; which, after the most cruel devastations, rose again from their ashes. The wants of men, whether natural or fictitious, are too mighty and pressing to be lastingly affected, far less annihilated, even by war or despotism. One event, however, has made a sensible epoch in the history of Asiatic commerce, and will, it is probable, always continue to influence it—the discovery of a passage to the East Indies round the Cape of Good Hope. It is true, that even at a very ancient period there existed a communication by sea between the shores of Arabia and Hindustan; and it is well known that this intercourse subsisted, although with some vicissitudes, during the Macedonian and Roman periods, as well as the

Arabian and Venetian. But even at the period of its greatest prosperity, this traffic bore no proportion to the vast land commerce of Asia, through which by far the greater part of the productions of the East consumed in Europe, was conveyed to that quarter of the world by the ports of the Black and Mediterranean seas."*

Guizot quotes, from M. Abel Rémusat, a curious illustration of the intercourse which subsisted between Asia and Europe, just previous to the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. "Many men of religious orders, Italian, French, and Flemings, were charged with diplomatic missions to the court of the Great Khan. Mongols of distinction came to Rome, Barcelona, Valencia, Lyons, Paris, London, and Northampton; and a Franciscan of the kingdom of Naples was archbishop of Peking. His successor was a professor of theology in the university of Paris. But how many other people followed in the train of those personages, either as slaves, or attracted by the desire of profit, or led by curiosity into regions hitherto unknown! Chance has preserved the names of some of these. The first envoy who visited the king of Hungary on the part of the Tartars, was an Englishman, who had been banished from his country for certain crimes, and who, after having wandered over Asia, at last entered into the service of the Moguls. A Flemish cordelier, in the heart of Tartary, fell in with a woman of Metz, who had been carried off into Hungary; a Parisian goldsmith, and a young man from the neighbourhood of Rouen, who had been at the taking of Belgrade. In the same country, also, he fell in with Russians, Hungarians, and Flemings. A singer called Robert, after having travelled through Eastern Asia, returned to end his days in the cathedral of Chartres. A Tartar was a furnisher of helmets in the armies of Philip the Fair. Jean de Plancarpin fell in, near Gayouk, with a Russian gentleman, and who acted as an interpreter; and many merchants of Breslau, Poland, and Austria, accompanied him in his journey into Tartary. Others returned with him through Russia; they were Genoese, Pisans, and Venetians. Two Venetian merchants, whom chance had brought to Bokhara, followed a Mongol ambassador sent by Houlogou to Kublai Khan. They remained many years in China and Tartary, returned with letters from the great Khan to the Pope, and afterwards went back to the Khan, taking with them the son of one of their number, the celebrated Marco Polo, and once more left the court of Kublai Khan to return to Venice. Travels of this nature were not less frequent in the following century. It may well be supposed that those travels of which the memory is preserved, form but a small part of those which were undertaken; and there were in those days many more people, who were able to perform those long journeys than to write accounts of them. Many of those adventurers must have remained and died in the countries they went to visit. Others returned home as obscure as before, but having their imaginations full of the things they had seen, relating them in their families, with much exaggeration, no doubt; but leaving behind them, among many ridiculous fables, useful recollections and traditions capable of bearing fruit. Thus, in Germany, Italy, and Florence, in the monasteries, among the nobility, and even down to the lowest classes of society, there were deposited many precious seeds, destined to bud at a somewhat later period. All these unknown travellers, carrying the arts of their own country into distant regions, brought back other pieces of knowledge not less precious, and, without being aware of it, made exchanges more advantageous than those of commerce. By these means, not only the traffic

in the silks, porcelain, and other commodities of Hindustan, became more extensive and practicable, and new paths were opened to commercial industry and enterprise; but, what was more valuable still, foreign manners, unknown nations, extraordinary productions, presented themselves in abundance to the mind of Europeans, which, since the fall of the Roman empire, had been confined within too narrow a circle. Men began to attach some importance to the most beautiful, the most populous, and the most anciently civilised, of the four quarters of the world. They began to study the arts and the languages of the nations by whom it was inhabited; and there was even an intention of establishing a professorship of the Tartar language in the university of Paris. The accounts of travellers, strange and exaggerated indeed, but soon discussed and cleared up, diffused more correct and varied notions of those distant regions. The world seemed to open, as it were, towards the east; geography made an immense stride; and ardour for discovery became the new form assumed by the European spirit of adventure. The idea of another hemisphere, when our own came to be better known, no longer seemed an improbable paradox; and it was when in search of the Zipangu of Marco Polo, that Christopher Columbus discovered the New World."

Bartholomew Diaz sailed past the Cape of Good Hope, which he called Cabo Tormentosa, from the storms with which he was assailed; and Vasco de Gama, sailing in his track, landed on the western coast of the peninsula of Hindustan. The nations of Europe rushed to share with the Portuguese the advantages of the newly discovered channel of commerce. "A total change ensued when the Europeans had discovered a way to the East Indies round Africa. Europe no longer received the commodities required through the accustomed channel of central Asia, but obtained them direct from the southern coasts of that continent, (particularly those of Hindustan,) which from that time necessarily became the principal seats of commerce. In consequence, a large proportion of the internal commerce of the country became attracted to the situations frequented by the European fleets, which were thus rendered the marts for the productions required in the west. Nevertheless, the commerce of the interior continued to maintain itself, as long as the throne of the Persians and Mongols was occupied by princes who, with the love of conquest, possessed some relish for the arts of peace, and sufficient power to assure the safety of individuals within their empire. The iron despotism of the Turks, the anarchy of Persia, and the lawless inroads of the Afghans and Mahrattas, on the north of Hindustan, first caused the almost utter ruin of the commerce of central Asia, and converted into deserts the flourishing countries on the banks of the Euphrates and Indus; where the ruins of what were once royal cities are the only records of their former magnificence."

This introductory view will enable the reader better to follow a sketch of the rise and progress of the English power in India, with other collateral subjects, which we propose introducing from time to time.

DEATHS OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Several men of science have died in a scientific manner. Haller, the poet, philosopher, and physician, beheld his end approach with the utmost composure. He kept feeling his pulse to the last moment, and when he found that life was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, observing, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and almost instantly expired. The same remarkable circumstance had occurred to the great Harvey; he kept making observations on the state of his pulse when life was drawing to its close, "as if," says Dr. Wilson, in the oration spoken a few days after the event, "that he who had taught us the beginning of life, might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with those of death."—*D'Israeli, Curiosities of Literature.*

* Heeren's Researches.

VICIOUS PLEASURES.

Centries or wooden frames are put under the arches of a bridge to remain no longer than till the latter are consolidated. Even so, pleasures are the devil's scaffolding to build a habit upon;—that formed and steady, the pleasures are sent for fire-wood, and the hell begins in this life.—*Omniana*, 343.

A HINT TO FUNSTERS.

Let not thy laughter handsell thy own jest, lest whilst thou laugh at it others laugh at thee, neither tell it often to the same hearers, lest thou be thought forgetful or barren. There is no sweetness in a cabbage twice sod, or a tale twice told.—*Quarles' Enchyridion*.

IGNORANCE THE GREATEST OF ALL INFIRMITIES.

So long as thou art ignorant be not ashamed to learn; he that is so fondly modest not to acknowledge his own defects of knowledge shall in time be so fondly impudent as to justify his own ignorance. Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities, and, justified, the greatest of all follies.—*Quarles*.

MAGAZINE DAY.

Magazine day is a sort of monthly era in the history of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming Numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is, who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town as periodical literature on that day.—*Travels in Town, by the Author of "Random Recollections."*

FEMALE ATTACHMENT.

Women are formed for attachment. Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility, which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and wormwood if you fail to attend to it, or abuse it.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out. 'Tis a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate, the maggots are the best. 'Tis a sack posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. But then, lastly, 'tis a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.—*Swift*.

CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation is a rare acquirement, for it is an acquirement of great care and skill, as well as of native faculty; and they who have genius, knowledge, and eloquence, very frequently want it.—*Sir E. Brydges' Recollections*.

AN AMERICAN QUACK'S LOGIC.

Of the great "Brandreth Pills," there is said to go forth weekly from his central dépôt, a ton weight. Such undoubting confidence in their efficacy was a mystery to us, till we met incidentally with the logical demonstration with which they go wrapt up, and in which they are doubtless swallowed. It is as follows:—"What is it that we call the constitution? Is not the constitution that which constitutes? and that which constitutes is the blood. There is then but one disease—impurity of blood. Now does not Nature, when she wishes to become purified, put her elements into commotion? It is the principle of commotion, then, that purifies. Ought not man then to copy Nature? And do not the Brandreth Pills take away the bad humours from the blood, and leave the good? Certainly they do. (!!) Pill, price 25 Cents the box." Such is the precious logic by which the uneducated reasoning mind of the multitude is governed by state quacks as well as medical ones. The nostrums of both are of the same stamp, false logic.—*New York Review*.

A PLEASANT MEMENTO MORI.

Luther, after he had successfully opposed the pope, and was admired by all the world as the invincible champion of the true Christian faith, not long before his death, sent a fair glass to his friend Dr. Jonas Glass, and therewith the following verses:—

"Dat vitrum Vitro Jonæ vitrum ipse Lutherus,
Se similem ut fragili noscat uterque vitro."
"Luther a glass, to Jonas Glass, a glass doth send,
That both may know ourselves to be but glass, my friend."
Luth. Colloq.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

Memory indiscriminately loaded is a very foolish thing; and knowledge wrongly applied is, perhaps, worse than ignorance. No one ought to learn more than he can digest, for instead of augmenting what he already knew, it will only confound it. A little correct knowledge is better than a multitudinous mass of loose ideas and inaccurate facts.—*Sir Egerton Brydges' Recollections of Foreign Travels*.

VALUE OF LITERARY LABOUR.

Sterne, when he had finished his first and second volume of *Tristram Shandy*, offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds, but was refused; he came to town with his MSS., and he and Robert Dodsley agreed in a manner of which neither repented. The *Hosiad*, with all its merits, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till Churchill and his publisher became impatient, and almost hopeless of success. Burn's Justice was disposed of by its author, who was weary of soliciting booksellers to purchase the MS., for a trifle, and which now yields an annual income. Collins burnt his odes before the door of his publisher.

A BRACE OF AMBASSADORS.

Each having an individual will to consult, character to establish, and interest to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord between two lovers with one mistress, two dogs with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches.—*Knickerbocker*.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

He was a wise man that said "Delay hath undone many for the other world: Haste hath undone more for this. Time well managed saves all in both." *Tempus mea possessio, tempus ager est*—time is my wealth, time is the field I cultivate, was the admirable motto of an ancient sage.—*Lloyd's State Works*.

LIFE.

Life is divided into three terms: that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

NAPOLEON'S AMBITION.

There is something as great in Napoleon's struggles after a defeat, as in his exultation after victory. The same wearing ambition, the same consciousness that he was never made for the restraints of ordinary laws, strike one as the absorbing feelings of his soul. He could not, and he would not, descend to the level of common men. Amid the snows of the north, which had become the winding-sheet of half his army, he could not help meditating schemes of conquest and of government. Nothing short of the sceptre of Europe would satisfy him. This all-grasping thirst for empire, which prompted him to many a triumph, proved now the very cause of his downfall. On his return from Russia he might with ease have settled down, the Emperor of France, and sat securely, by amusing the full-grown children of that mercurial nation by fêtes, and reviews, and swelling epithets. But this was no fame. He must make another dash at Europe. He did so, and, like a too-daring eagle, he was smitten by the thunderbolt, and pinned to a desert rock.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

UP AND DOWN.

The Cardinal de Richelieu, when increasing every day in power, met, coming down the steps of the Louvre, the Duke d'Espernon, who had formerly been the principal favourite of the king. "What news above there, my lord duke?" asked he. "None," answered the other, "except you are coming up and I am going down."

VALUE OF TIME.

The difference of rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years amounts to upwards of 29,000, hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-six days, six hours; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were to be added, of which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

EATING.

Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and, not content with eating all day long, "twice it slays the slain," and eats its dinner o'er again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mite and the maggot eat the very world in which they live—they nestle and build in their roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and a whale is not subject to sciatica. Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with the tooth-ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat. But if eating is to produce diseases, which of all the nosology would be absent from the carcass of Captain Cochrane's Siberian friend, who ate forty pounds of meat, with twenty of rice porridge, at a sitting?

SORROW.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant grief, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—*Johnson*.

ALLEVIATION OF SORROW.

To deep sorrow, and the constant presence of the ghost of past injustice, how pleasant is the distraction of the images of crowded cities, and gentle occupation.—*Sir E. Brydges' Recollections*.

London: WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. Edinburgh: FRASER & Co. Dublin: CURRY & Co.—Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars.